It’s Rude to Watch

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It’s Rude to Watch

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will is wondering what Hannibal is up to in the middle of the night and finds him masturbating in the bedroom at his drawings of Will. He discovers Hannibal has a daddy kink. In the morning, Hannibal tells him he knows Will has watched him. Will does something that Hannibal has not seen coming and the morning takes a surprising turn.

Notes

All mistakes are my own, if you spot them. It’s not beta-read because I’m a very impatient writer ;)

I hope you enjoy this piece that came to me in the middle of the night :D

Feedback and comments are always appreciated ❤️

Will Graham rolled from the left to the right edge of his oversized king-size bed. Sleep did not come no matter how hard he tried. He was restless and lonely in the room too spacious to accommodate a single person. Three months had passed since they had fully recovered from the injuries and settled down into their new life together. Hannibal did still not ask him to share a bedroom with him or persisted on any other form of touches. In fact, he did not even question his lacking involvement in his hunts. It was an unspoken agreement between the two men who could not live without each other. Hannibal ever polite and respectful to Will out of the wish not to lose him again, gave him the personal space he needed. He did not question him where he went during the day or night. Hannibal accepted his whims, his deliberate distance, his sarcastic, biting comments when they conversed. Will had been glad about his surprisingly tame, gentle and understanding behavior towards him and wondered how long he could deny himself a closer relationship with Hannibal.Until now.

Curiosity and pining for a more physical relationship got the better of him.

Will was eager to find out whether there were any nightmares coiled beneath Hannibal's pillows or if he slept with a clear conscience. If his soulmate was crying, shaking and calling his name when he turned around in bed. If he had hellish nights as he did have back in Wolf Trap, Virginia when Hannibal destabilized his mental health. Or did he enjoy some pleasantries with someone else as he denied Hannibal to touch him? The thought of adultery made him nauseous and tense his muscles uncomfortably tight as murderous jealousy and wrath possessed his mind for a short moment. It was about time to find out and catch him in the act if Hannibal dared to cheat on him with someone else. If he dared he would punch him to death as he imagined once doing in Baltimore

He lingered a little bit longer in his bed staring at the ceiling, listening to the crickets and frogs singing their nightly serenade outside in this warm summer night before he made a decision.

Will straightened his upper body, tossed the light duvet aside and slid down from the soft mattress. A devilish smirk was curled on his pink lips. He was excited at the thought of what he would find. About how Hannibal was really like when he stripped off his person suit in his own chamber along with his clothes.

He put on the silver dressing gown Hannibal had bought him. The empath licked his lips in as he walked out of the door, crossing the corridor to the other side. He tried to tread carefully on the creaking ancient wooden floor of their villa to avoid making any suspicious sounds.

When he reached the ivory door to Hannibal's bedroom, he discovered it was unlocked and even slightly leaning open. A soft, yellowish light shimmered through the clearance of the door frame. He frowned. Various suspicions crossed his thoughts. Did Hannibal expect him to come lurking or did he just forget to close it? Did he hope Will would accidentally drop by? Will knew very well it could be a trap to provoke him but he didn't bother. It appeared to him as if it was an actual invitation to sneak upon him.

Will approached the door with careful, quiet, slow steps and glimpsed into the room, careful not to push the door any further to avoid being caught on the spot. An amused smile appeared

on his face as he knew it did not make any difference anyway. Hannibal would recognize his scent with his keen nose if he should be awake.

His pulse quickened at the thrill spreading through his body when thinking about the prospect of catching Hannibal incognito. What side of his true personality would he find today in the room on the bed?

Will froze in his movements and held his breath when he saw a glimpse of Hannibal's nude body lying on the bed. With his right hand, he quickly covered his mouth before a traitorous noise left him. He had seen Hannibal naked before when they needed to tend to each other's wounds but he had always steered his gaze into a different direction, out of respect and because he denied himself acknowledging his sexual attraction to him.

Hannibal's eyes were closed. His right hand gripped his cock and he rubbed himself at a fast pace. Deep, lewd groans escaped Hannibal's thin lips and in between, he called out his name in his wanton, lovesick voice among other words Will had not expected to drop from the mouth of this man.

"Will...Yes...Hmm..that's good. Beautiful boy..be good for Daddy. Ride me." Hannibal murmured while his body twitched and he ground his body against the mattress below in a steady rhythm. Hannibal spread his legs and thrust his hips into the air as if he imagined penetrating Will.

The empath raised his eyebrows, his lips twitching in amusement and embarrassment. Will bit on his lips, trying to suppress a cackle at catching the real Hannibal usually hidden beneath one of his unyielding person suit in this intimate, vulnerable situation and at discovering he had a daddy kink. He smiled at the sight of a debauched and raw Hannibal with the most lecherous expression on his face. To his own surprise, his cock twitched in his pajama shorts, grew erect and he slipped one hand beneath the waistband of his boxer shorts. Will's breath intensified. He stroked himself while watching Hannibal sating himself, trembling and hearing him groan. For Will it was odd to hear him, Hannibal Lecter, usually so self-composed and rigid in his demeanor, make such wanton sounds of lust.

He contemplated about this new discovery and was utterly curious. He was not opposed to role play. In fact, he had always been the submissive one during sex with Molly. Will always thought it was a shame she did not dare to be more dominant during sex which led to a decline of their sexual activities because he sensed that she was not the right partner at all although he had loved her in his way.

Relief washed over him finding out that he did not cheat on him with someone else. Hannibal was apparently his perfect, missing piece in every way and very patient and loyal. Will was glad that Hannibal did not sleep with someone else to satisfy his aching for him and blushed. Besides, Will secretly shared this inclination with him. Yet he wondered how Hannibal would react if he told him that he had no interest in kinky sex. Whether Hannibal would still be into vanilla sex with him or be disappointed. But given the fact that Hannibal has treated him like a holy deity so far, Will was confident he would still find pleasure in it. A warm feeling seized his heart as he realized he wanted things to change for the better. In his mind, he ultimately accepted his attraction to Hannibal.

The sound of paper rustling mingled with the grunts and Will flinched, stopped stroking himself, being irritated and alarmed at the noise. Eager as he was, he accidentally opened the gap a little bit further to get a better view. The door creaked and his heartbeat accelerated.

He had to blink a few times before he realized what he saw was real. Hannibal now masturbated to one of his own drawings.

Hannibal held the sketch into the light, making it possible for Will to have a good look at the drawing. Will suppressed a snort with his hand on his mouth as he guessed the person on the charcoal sketch was him, kneeling on all fours on the picture, pushing his ass up into the air while the second sketched figure, presumably Hannibal thrust into him and was about to slap his bottom.

With one hand he held his charcoal drawing of naked Will into the air, while the other toyed with his cock, grunting and moaning. He placed the drawing on his belly now and slid two fingers inside him. Will heard him cry out again. "Will...mylimasis...I love you. Please...I want to fuck you."

Minutes passed that seemed to stretch on into eternity and Will still stood there, unable to pull himself away from the spectacle in front of his eyes. Even now he was under Hannibal's spell.

When the moans grew weaker of a sudden and Will watched Hannibal tremble in his climax and spurt his load on one of the sketches, he had to make a decision before he got caught in his voyeurism. But it was already too late. Hannibal grew stiff and gazed at the door. A pale shade of pink graced his face and his maroon eyes darkened. His lips were tightly pursed in disapproval. A dangerous glint lay in them. He looked positively murderous. Will knew it was better to go back before Hannibal decided to eat him after all. Watching someone without consent would be more than disrespectful to the cannibal. Will hastily retreated from the door and went back to his bedroom, taking care of his own arousal. Closing his eyes, he stroked himself while he imagined the soft hands of Hannibal wrapped around his cock and muttering his name in his raspy, covetous voice, calling him a "good boy" before he pushed his cock inside him with short, sharp thrusts. Before he fell asleep, Will decided to give their stagnating relationship a little nudge. He was ready to go the next step with Hannibal and had quite the idea for a little surprise.

The next morning when the first golden sun rays streamed through the windows, Hannibal already stood in the vast kitchen and prepared breakfast as he heard Will showering upstairs. Some minutes after, Will came down the stairs, freshly showered but still wearing his silken dressing gown. Beneath the fine pajama robe, he was completely nude. He slinked into the kitchen. The delicious smell of pancakes hung in the air. Will perceived the sizzling of the dough in the pan.

"Good morning, Will", Hannibal greeted him without turning around, only casting a sideways look above his shoulder.

"Good morning, daddy", Will purred with a broad grin on his face.

Hannibal stiffened, still holding the pan with the half-baked pancake in his hand. He flung a disapproving look with his maroon eyes at him, answering in his smooth, cool voice as he heard Will basically admitting his intrusion late at night.

“It is rude to watch someone doing something intimate without permission, Will.”

Will sniggered and tried to give him his best irresistible glance with his blue eyes as possible.

"Didn’t you provoke me to come looking for you last night when you left the door open?” He countered with a skeptical look on his face.

"No, I didn’t.” Hannibal gave back, cutting some fruits for decoration. "You don’t need to see manipulation in every single thing that I do. Even if it’s a door I forgot to close.”

Will rolled his eyes. He didn’t believe a single word. The bullshit he had gotten used to in the past, made him cautious. "So you didn’t expect me to?”

"No”, Hannibal answered with a faint smile. "I assure you, it was not an invitation.”

“Oh, sorry then,” Will replied in a mocked apologetic tone which made Hannibal frown. "What can I do about that ?” Will asked in a honeyed voice and with an angelic and beaming smile.

“Come in and participate or apologize next time”, Hannibal answered, his lips pouted as if he was sulking. He turned back to the stove to flip the pancake and finish it.

“I’m sorry, Hannibal.” Will purred in a seductive voice. With a graceful and deliberate sensual movement of his hands, he opened and dropped his gown to the floor, revealing his pristine, well-trained body and his morning-erection to him. Hannibal looked up from the pan again as he heard the soft whoosh of the gown falling to the floor and finally perceived his naked reflection in the large window. He turned to Will, not paying attention to his breakfast anymore.

Hannibal’s jaw dropped at the sight of the body he was denied for so long. His breathing intensified and he completely lost his usual immaculate composure. The pan with the half-baked pancake inside dropped to the floor of the kitchen with a raucous clash, making quite a mess on the expensive flooring The dough of the half-baked pancake spilled on the beige tiles and his feet but Hannibal did not care to pick it up again. His dark, voluptuous eyes were only fixed on Will. They wandered down his body and rested on his cock.

“What a shame”, Will teased him with a crooked grin as he noticed the mess he had caused in Hannibal’s usually neat and meticulous domain. “It could have been a delicious pancake.”

“You naughty, impertinent boy ”, Hannibal growled, walked towards his partner, seized Will and lifted him on the grey marble kitchen table with a sudden movement. Will helped him and pulled himself up on the large counter when he understood what Hannibal planned to do.

Will lifted his head, spread his legs while clawing his hands to the edges of the kitchen counter for stability. His legs were dangling down at the end, nearly touching the floor.

“It seems I am back on the menu, huh?” Will remarked in a teasing, sarcastic tone, accompanied with a wry smile. His head was lifted high enough to look Hannibal directly in the eyes. He bolstered his neck with his crossed arms behind his head.

“In a different kind of way, yes”, Hannibal replied in his voice filled with barely concealed lust, longing and an ambiguous smile on his face, while he caressed his body. He let his fingers run down from his sternum to his belly. They traced along the omnipresent scar on his abdomen Hannibal had left on Will years ago. Will shivered involuntarily when he touched his scar and kissed it. Purposefully avoiding his groin his hands moved along his beautiful thighs and his calves. He noticed goosebumps appearing on Will’s soft skin.

Thanks to this unexpected development this morning, he was glad to be finally allowed to touch him. Taking a few steps back, he eyed his body with reverence and pure adoration.

Will looked at him with a mixture of bewilderment, amusement and lust in his eyes as his body reacted to Hannibal’s sensual touches on him. “Show me", Will breathed.

“I will. Before that happens you will have to be punished for your behavior last night .” Hannibal threatened in a smooth, cool tone usually meaning nothing good and hauled him around with an energetic, swift movement with the result that Will lay flat on his belly. His back and ass were now exposed to Hannibal. He walked around the table and hauled Will around, pulling him closer to prevent his cock from being jammed against the sharp edge of the counter. Only his upper body would lie across the long side of the table. His lover was now bent over the counter.

Will tensed under Hannibal’s grip. “Wait, let’s talk about limits first. Just slapping, okay? No eating any body parts, no nibbling on my brain or any other sick fantasy of yours.”

Hannibal exhaled and caressed his broad shoulder with his hands, moving along his back until they rested on his ass which he cupped in his hands. Will relaxed under his touches and laid his head back down on his arms placed beneath him.

“Of course not, Will.” Hannibal countered quietly. “I promised I’d never hurt you again.”

“Spanking is kind of hurting me, right?” Will replied and chuckled.

Hannibal tensed up, hesitated and withdrew from the table at once. “ If you feel uncomfortable, I will stop right here and you may get dressed again.” He answered.

“I’m joking’ ” Will remarked, tilting his head to the left on the kitchen counter, giving him a flirtatious sideways glance. “Spank me... daddy ” He purred in a playful voice and rolled his hips in a wanton way. He rubbed his belly back and forth against the table and wiggled his ass as much as he could in this position. Hannibal looked pleased, smirked at him and squeezed his rosy cheeks with his hands before he gave his ass a soft slap.

“I will, you insolent little brat,” Hannibal grunted. “Then I will have you until you can’t sit anymore.” His lover groaned. Precum was leaking from his erect cock.

Hannibal slapped him once again and Will had to arch his head back. His ass burned already from the sharp slap and a little whimper escaped him.

“I want you to count down to twenty for me”, Hannibal spoke in a soft voice.

“Okay”, Will muttered. “If you insist.“

“Yes, I do”, Hannibal replied with a smug smirk on his face. "Ten slaps for your intrusion into my room last night and ten for causing the mess on the floor.”

A snort escaped his mouth. "You dropped the pan, not me."

Hannibal hit him again with the palm of his hand without a warning and Will winced in pain as he felt his ass throb, forgetting what he promised to do.

“I didn’t hear you count,” Hannibal said, in an authoritarian voice, pressing Will’s body back to the counter as he twitched because of the hot, blazing pain rolling through his bottom and his thighs. “Twenty-one slaps then.”

Another sharp slap on his already throbbing and hurting bottom followed. Will moaned and bit on his lip to compensate the pain.

“One”, Will hissed.

Hannibal petted his head. “Good boy”, he remarked.

The spanking continued until Will uttered “Twentyone” and he sighed in relief when it was over..Hannibal kissed his hurt and throbbing cheeks and fondled them with gentle hands before he applied some soothing aloe vera lotion on the throbbing spots of his bottom. It would ease the pain a little bit at least and that’s what Hannibal felt he owed him. He knew that aftercare was important.

“Thank you”, Will sighed and enjoyed the application of cool lotion on his skin. “I didn’t remember that spanking could hurt so much.”

“Obviously you haven’t been spanked a lot as a child”, Hannibal remarked with a soft chuckle while he spread the lotion with slow, tender movements on his sore skin.

“I don’t really remember”, Will said with a faint grin curled on his lips.

“Did you enjoy it a little bit?” Hannibal asked him, smiling, throwing a sideways glance at him to reassure he was okay while helping him to turn around on the kitchen counter and help him sit upright to look him in the eye.

Will grunted as he turned around, straightened his upper body and blushed. “I guess”, he said slowly. “I would not have been that cooperative if I didn’t.” He winked at Hannibal.

Hannibal, knowing what Will was capable of, if he really wanted too, smirked.

“Though I hope I won’t be spanked tomorrow because my ass already freaking hurts.” Will retorted with a sigh.

“That’s the nature of a punishment ”, Hannibal replied in his usual nonchalant manner.

“Are you sorry for intruding into my privacy without permission or do we have to repeat this punishment again?” Hannibal asked Will while he touched his naked upper body once more with loving, tender movements and barely hidden adoration in his eyes. He could not get enough of his skin, his beautiful abs, his lean yet strong physique. He could not believe he was allowed to touch Will Graham.

“It depends on whether how long you want to banish me from your little sanctuary”, Will replied with an amused, slightly ironic undertone in his voice, knowing fully well that this was a lie.

Hannibal halted and he threw an irritated look at Will.“You know that this isn’t true. Spare me your feeble attempts of accusation and manipulation, Will. You have avoided me in the last two months, not me. ”

Will fluttered his eyelashes in a very coquettish way and stared at him with his enchanting blue-green eyes. “You always see right through me.” He purred, pulling his partner closer who was standing before him.

“And so do you”, Hannibal responded, lowering his body over him to give him a soft kiss on the mouth. “I assume after you have given me consent today you will move in my bedroom then?” He asked him.

“Of course,” Will answered with a warm and playful smile, Hannibal’s amber eyes beamed at the reaffirmation of his lover... “And I’d say your rule concerning privacy is obsolete.”

“Oh there are lots of other things that I consider an intrusion into my privacy, Will”, Hannibal said in a quizzical voice.

Will raised one of his eyebrows and giggled, crossing his arms beneath his head, “I can’t wait to hear your rules.”

“We’ll discuss them later if you don’t mind,” Hannibal remarked, his eyes glinting with lust, licking his lips at the prospect of eating Will in a different way than he ever wanted. "Now I’d like to indulge in you, if I may”. The word spilled from his lips in a seducing way, while planting affectionate, adoring kisses from his pectoral muscles to his attractive ripped abs before his lips landed on his groin, a few centimeters above his cock, where he lingered and waited for Will’s permission.

“You may”, Will replied softly, giving him a loving glance and blew him a kiss.

"Please get down from the table, my little boy", Hannibal instructed him.

Will grunted in reluctance, but he obeyed willingly and slid down from the counter with the help of Hannibal. “What next?” He asked, his lips twitching.

”I need you to turn around once more, my darling”, Hannibal purred and turned him gently around in such a way that Will’s back faced him and he leaned with his belly against the longer side of the table.

Hannibal hummed as his fingers grazed his broad shoulders, his spine before wandering down to his cheeks where his hands rested at last. Will pressed his body against Hannibal’s and Hannibal gently sank his teeth into his neck, before he nibbled and licked at his earlobes.

His heart made a leap of joy. He could not have been happier with the developments this morning. With trembling hands, he straddled his legs and hunkered down to be on a level with Will’s beautiful bottom. With endearing hands, he petted his cheeks and spread them carefully. He took in the scent with closed eyes.

Will’s hole smelled of invigorating lemon and mint. He chuckled. He had borrowed some of his preferred, expensive products but he approved of it. Hannibal also noticed his pubic hair had been neatly trimmed.

“You prepared yourself for me“, Hannibal whispered, petting him with loving and tender hands.“Cunning boy.”

He started licking suavely into his hole, thrusting his tongue steadily deeper until his tongue hit against his prostate. A shiver went down Will’s spine and goosebumps spread on his skin.

Hannibal smiled inwardly at how oversensitive Will was and how he shivered and trembled under his short thrusts and touches.

"I’m..you...oh..fuck...mhm ”, Will stammered, while Hannibal continued to eat him out, pushing his tongue into him with skill and control, bringing him further to his climax.

Hannibal stopped and murmured “What is it, my love?” He grabbed a bottle of olive oil from behind and slicked his fingers with a generous amount before his finger circled the entrance again, stretching his cheeks with the other hand.

“I’m...close”, Will managed to get out. “It feels so good...Please, don’t stop “, he said, bending his head back when he felt Hannibal’s soft tongue that has driven him crazy had left his hole.

“Hmm...my boy is impatient...so eager for my cock”, Hannibal muttered in a teasing voice.

Hannibal carefully pushed one finger inside and Will’s muscles clenching around it. Will’s lewd moans and grunts filled Hannibal’s ear like the most beautiful opera aria he had ever listened to, while he hit his most sensitive spots with short and teasing thrusts. Another finger entered him and Will let out another gasp and mumbled something. He kept riding Hannibal’s fingers. His right hand wanted to touch his own neglected cock but Hannibal pushed it away.

“No, my love”, Hannibal whispered. “Let Daddy take care of you.”

“Then please touch my cock”, Will groaned.

Hannibal stopped his fingers from thrusting inside and grew still for a moment.

“Please, Daddy,” Will begged him in a higher-pitched voice.

“What do you want me to do, darling?” Hannibal purred with a smirk on his face, while he fucked him with his fingers again.

“I want you to make me cum”, he wheezed.

Hannibal paused once more, causing Will to let out a frustrated howl.

“And?” Hannibal asked in a teasing voice. “What else does my boy want?”

Will flushed deeply red. Hannibal’s finger rested teasingly at the entrance.

“I want you to fuck me like a whore. I want your cock inside of me.” He growled.

Hannibal purred to that in agreement. His left hand gripped his cock and rubbed him in a steady pace, while he quickly opened the zipper of his trousers and freed his own hardening cock he had neglected for his beloved with his other hand. He pulled the pants down to his knees, grabbed the bottle of olive oil, neglecting Will for a minute who protested with a small whine and added some drops of oil on his cock before he put the bottle back on the counter.

Will leaned back and pressed against Hannibal again. “Mhmm..feels good.” He shivered as he felt Hannibal’s tender hands touching his cock for the first time in his life.

Hannibal chuckled and nuzzled his nose in the crook of his neck where left another bite mark.

“What do you say when you get spoiled, darling?” He muttered into his ear.

“Thank you...Daddy”, he breathed and moaned as Hannibal’s hand accelerated his pace on his leaking cock.

Will gripped the left edge of the counter and the one in front of him with his hands to stabilize as his legs were wobbly from the sensation streaming through his body, which did not want to obey him as his brain was flooded with the overstimulating sensations.

Hannibal quickly stroked himself until he was fully hard before the tip of his cock brushed against the puckered and slick hole of Will.

“Relax, my love”, Hannibal breathed in his ear as Will’s muscles clenched again and his posture stiffened. “Let go and give yourself to the moment.”

When Hannibal entered him, it was a curse and a blessing at the same time. A blessing because being inside Will for the first time was a glorious experience which he would cherish forever in his mind palace, should they be separated again by fate. It was a curse because he knew that this moment of pleasure would not last long as being finally physically conjoint with his beloved, was the most stimulating feeling he ever experienced after being touch starved for so long. The slaying of the Dragon had been intimate - but Will allowing him to touch and penetrate him was ineffable.

Hannibal took deep breaths to restrain himself and not shoot his load the minute he entered him. He pressed his body flush against Will's back glinting with sweat while his cock pushed steadily forward, pulling in and out of his ass. Will leaned his head back and moaned out loud. Their hips rolled in perfect synchronized movements, mirroring how deeply connected they were. Spiritually. Physically. In every way.

Tears welled up in Hannibal's eyes at the overpowering sentience. He slowed down his pace to be able to enjoy the feeling of being conjoint with his lover some precious moments longer.

"Faster", Will demanded in his breathy voice, pushing his ass back on his cock with rigorous movements and tightening the grip of Hannibal's hands with his own. Skin slapped on skin.

Hannibal grunted and obeyed. The temptation to spill it all inside of him was even for him too great to resist.

"Such a greedy boy", Hannibal moaned and accelerated his thrusts against Will's prostate.

A few more thrusts and Hannibal came, crying silently of joy and bliss, marking his beloved with his semen. He twitched, his muscles contracting in delight at the blissful wave of happiness and he wrapped his right hand around Will's hips to steady himself and not fall over.

Will turned his head over his shoulder and pouted as he noticed the cum running down his thighs. He looked disappointed. "This is not fair." He protested with a reproachful look.

"Sorry, my boy", Hannibal groaned, catching his breath and flushing red in embarrassment at his lack of stamina. He planted an apologetic soft kiss on his cheek. "You're too irresistible, my love. But Daddy is going to make up for it."

After carefully pulling out, he grabbed a still pouting Will by his shoulders to turn him around and looked him in his wonderful ocean eyes. A content, self-satisfied smirk at the sheer lust, want and ecstasy in Will's face appeared on his lips again. The sight of Will being spent, exhausted and driven to overstimulation by him and only him alone sparked so much happiness in Hannibal.

Hannibal went on his knees and took his full length into the mouth. Will leaned back against the counter and exhaled a sharp breath. "Oh fuck..", he whimpered and his knuckles turned white from holding on to the counter's edge too harshly.

The taste of Will was more exquisite than Hannibal had ever imagined in his sex dreams. Salt, musk, his own distinguishable flavor, sweet and bitter and the drops of precome on his tongue - Hannibal reveled in it. This time he lost no time and did not tease Will any longer. With skilled hands, squirming and cupping his balls and his tongue darting out of his mouth to lick his glans before taking his swollen shaft fully inside again. Hannibal suppressed his gag as Will fucked into his mouth with hard and quick thrusts. Will smiled at Hannibal, tugged his bangs behind his ears, stroke his cheek before the climax hit him hard, making him lose control over his body while his muscles contracted while the wonderful, beatific

wave of orgasm rushed through every cell of his body, causing him to finally spill his load into his mouth.

Hannibal swallowed his whole load without losing a single drop of it and licked the tip of his cock and his shaft clean before he stood up, wiped his hands with a towel and caressed Will's jaw and stroked the line of his stubbles.

"What do I taste like?" Will asked him with curiosity and amusement in his voice, pulling Hannibal in a tight embrace, pressing his cheek against Hannibal's heated and flushed face and his body against the sweat-stained shirt.

"Your flavor surpasses everything, my dear. You're incomparable to anything I have tasted in my life ", Hannibal answered in a raspy voice, hoarse from the abuse of his throat. He nuzzled in his embrace with closed eyes, glad that Will abandoned his distant demeanor and embraced his affection.

They lingered in this embrace for a few moments, pressed their sweaty bodies and foreheads together, losing themselves in slow, gentle kisses before Hannibal reluctantly drew his lips away and let go of Will to clean the terracotta tiles and the legs of the kitchen counter from the sticky and dried pancake dough.

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